

# THEY ALL CALL ME GREAT MASTER

## Chapter 5 No. 2 Cork Street!

At that moment, as the rain began to subside, the young reporter pulled at the hanging brass bell carved with a lion eagle's head at the door of No. 2 Cork Street; it immediately emitted a melodious and crisp ring.

As the bell vibrated, the engraved blessing script created subtle phantoms, and upon closer inspection, the lion-headed eagle seemed to be about to take flight.

Scott released the handle, stepped back, and waited quietly.

Behind this worried young intern reporter, the three people following him each showed different expressions.

The three were of varying ages and dressed differently. One was neatly dressed in a suit, vest, shirt, and leather shoes, his face filled with excitement and curiosity, while the man next to him wore a hemp shirt and suspenders with a frayed flat cap, his expression indifferent.

The middle-aged man at the back was also properly dressed, but his sleeves were clearly worn, his face also displayed excitement and anticipation, yet his mouth occasionally curled downwards, clearly carrying a hint of disdain and scorn.

Through the Peeping Mirror at the door, Arthur took in everything.

Immediately, in his character field, "Eagle Eye" and "Insight" skills started flashing continuously.

In an instant, Arthur confirmed the malintent of the last person.

Almost instinctively, Arthur's hand reached for the Thunder Gun disguised as a door bolt.

The Peeping Mirror and the disguised Thunder Gun were all set up by Old Charlie.

After all, being a Spirit Medium is a high-risk occupation, one never knows who might block the door.

With his finger on the trigger, Arthur then opened the door, revealing a friendly smile—

"Good morning, Scott!"

"Good morning, Arthur!"

Unlike Arthur's warm smile, Scott's smile was quite forced, and the man at the back with malintent twisted his mouth into a bright smile as he stepped forward.

However, to Arthur, that smile seemed superficial and hollow.

"Hello, are you Mr. Arthur Kredos?"

I am a reporter from the Horn Report, Dockler.

Did you read the report today?

I am curious about what a Spirit Medium is really like!

I hope to conduct an exclusive interview with you, please give me this opportunity!

These two?

They are Fengter and Wiggins, both came here inspired by your reputation."

The middle-aged man named Dockler introduced himself enthusiastically while extending his hand.

By this time, Scott's smile had completely vanished, leaving only a deep concern.

Not for himself, but for Arthur!

Enhanced by "Eagle Eye" and "Insight," Arthur immediately recognized this expression and guessed what was happening—

From the same newspaper, both reporters, one harboring ill intentions towards him, the other full of concern.

Tsk, this fellow named Dockler is aiming to climb the ladder at his expense!

No wonder there was a special issue about him!

He had initially thought that it was due to Scott being deeply affected last night and fighting hard for it... no, to be accurate, Scott was indeed deeply affected last night and did strive for his sake, but this had made Scott a target for Dockler.

Arthur could fully imagine the scenario: faced with Scott's request, Dockler not only agreed but also published a special issue.

Then, this morning, ignoring Scott's objections, he brought people here to expose the fraud.

A fraudster and a fraudster featured in a special issue of the Horn Report are obviously more eye-catching.

And as the reporter covering this news, Dockler naturally would reap fame and benefit.

As for Scott?

Just an intern.

He naturally would have to take responsibility for any misreporting, and being fired would seem like a respectable outcome.

Moreover, the origin of the malice may well be this young intern reporter.

Why?

Probably because he was in the way.

Not Dockler's way, but likely a path Dockler was paving for someone else.

The term intern explains it all.

"Society is full of dangers," Arthur silently lamented, having experienced similar situations before.

However, as he lamented, Arthur loosened his grip on the Thunder Gun, subtly pushing it back where it was indistinguishable from a regular door bolt to the casual observer.

A person fond of petty cleverness hardly deserved a shot from the Thunder Gun.

After all, this Thunder Gun was different from the ones kept in the Spirit Medium Box.

This Thunder Gun was designed to be discrete, essentially single-use.

Simply put, firing it once meant changing the door and the gun.

Not to mention the hassle of dealing with a body afterward.

Arthur continued to smile as he gently shook Dockler's extended hand and then sidestepped to open the solid wooden door of No. 2 Cork Street.

Just moments before, he had been considering how to make a lasting impression on Scott a few more times, to get multiple stories published; unexpectedly, someone had taken the initiative to come to him.

He was profoundly grateful for this.

The allure of a report titled 'A Conman Spirit Medium Featured in the Horn Report' was surely incomparable to 'Shocking! What this Male Journalist Did to a Spirit Medium!'

Thinking this, the smile on Arthur's face grew even more benevolent.

Seeing this scene, Scott grew increasingly worried. Although he truly worried about Arthur and believed that Arthur inherited Lord Charlie's Bloodline, Arthur was too young. It was well known that the ability of a spirit medium was linked to age, and nobody could guarantee that Arthur, at his age, could handle every situation perfectly.

And should there be even one mistake, from his understanding of Dockler, the man would do everything in his power to tarnish his reputation.

Without any facts, Dockler would fabricate them, distorting the truth.

Especially if he caught a slip-up!

Thinking of Arthur's potential troubles filled Scott's heart with anxiety, and he immediately prepared to prevent Dockler from entering No. 2 Cork Street.

But Dockler outpaced him, flashing into No. 2 Cork Street before Scott could react, turning his head to see the frustration on Scott's face and a gleam of triumph flashed in his eyes.

What Scott wanted to do was clear to him.

This morning, the man had tried to stop him, but Dockler had thwarted him.

"Hmph, this is just the beginning!

I'll make you realize the consequences of stealing York's position!" Dockler thought viciously.

York, his nominal nephew but actual son, was always idle and had never had a real job. He'd maneuvered several times to get him a chance as a trainee

journalist at the Horn Report, but then Scott had arrived for the interview and spoiled everything.

Unlike South Los Daily or the Evening News, the Horn Report was a rather small publication where everyone had specific roles with no extra positions available. It had taken him a great deal of effort to make the old, visually impaired editor 'understand' that they needed a trainee journalist to assist.

But then Scott applied, and with his extensive knowledge and decent writing skills, Dockler's barely literate nephew naturally lost out, rendering his 'just a trainee journalist, doesn't need to know much, can learn on the job' excuse unusable.

But that was before!

Now?

If he could just drive Scott out, his nephew would naturally have another chance.

So, after seizing the opportunity last night, he rushed here first thing this morning.

Arthur took it all in, inwardly comprehending everything while his smile remained unchanged.

Just then, Dockler turned his head back.

Seeing Arthur's smile, Dockler's face smiled again, but inside he was increasingly scornful.

A conman eager for fame indeed!

He had been slightly worried about encountering some trouble.

However, now he was completely relieved.

Who was he?

A journalist!

And who was the other party?

A conman!

What tricks could such a conman possibly have against a journalist like him?

With this belief, Dockler started to look around the corridor at No. 2 Cork Street.

Soon after, a shiver ran through the journalist's spine.